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THE MOCKING BIRD

He didn't know much music
When first he come along;
An' all the birds went wonderin'
Why he didn't sing a song.

They primped their feathers in the sun,
An' sung their sweetest notes;
An' music jes' come on the run
From all their thrillin' throats!

But still that bird was silent
In summer time an' fall;
He jes' set still an' listened,
An' he wouldn't sing at all.

But one night when them songsters
Was tired out an' still,
An' the wind sighed down the valley
An' went creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble
In the dreamin' fields o' blue,
An' the daisy in the darkness
Felt the fallin' o' the dew;

There come a sound o' melody
No mortal ever heard,
An' all the birds seemed singin'
From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went Maryin'
In a land too fur to call;
Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
When one bird could sing fer all!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A WESTERN IDYL.

Adventures of the School Mistress at Bang-Up City.

"So this is Bang-Up City? Then the place is a living geographical lie."

Rose Kenyon looked indignant as she said this.

As she gazed about the collection of saloons and other dingy shanties which constituted the only visible portion of the far famed mining camp the indignant expression on her face deepened in intensity.

For Miss Kenyon had been led to expect a very different sort of place.

She had been told that Bang-Up City was a species of earthly paradise, whose inhabitants were so well satisfied with life there that they did not care to make even a short excursion out into the outer world.

"From what I can see of it," she murmured, "I cannot understand how anyone can ever be induced to remain in the place over night. Where is all this western bustle of which I have heard? Where is the enterprise which builds complete new cities in a month? Bah! I have been imposed upon."

She paused, irresolute, upon the platform of the little depot that was half a log shanty and half tent.

Rose Kenyon was a very fair vision to gaze upon. Young—not over twenty—and pretty—decidedly pretty—she was the kind of woman who can be depended upon to set masculinity by the ears.

Suitors were no novelty to Rose. She had had many lovers, but had sent them all away. Not one of them had ever approached her ideal.

And now she had been allured to the Rockies by the illiterate invitation of three men, who subscribed themselves as the school trustees of Bang-Up City.

They had confessed, in their queer letter, that Bang-Up City was as yet without schools of any description, but they had invited her, at a salary which had astonished the New England school-teacher, to come out and change the state of affairs at Bang-Up City.

And Rose had accepted. She had expected that the trustees would be at the station to meet the first teacher of their new community, but there was not a soul near the depot. Then Rose remembered that she had not told them on which day she expected to arrive.

Finally Rose's eye fell upon a nondescript-looking Chinaman who was coming leisurely up the road. He was not an inviting specimen of the Mongolian race. To begin with, he was dirty. To add to that he was very ragged. And, to cap all, he had one of the most hideous faces ever seen.

"Cally yo' glip, missy?" he demanded, as he came close to her and picked up the heavy valise which lay at Miss Kenyon's feet.

"Is there a hotel here?" Rose asked.

"Yes, missy; you wantee go there?"

"Yes."

"Then I cally yo' bag."

"How much?" asked Rose. She had a New England eye to the cost of things.

"Two bitee, missy."

"All right. Lead the way to the place."

The Chinaman started down the dusty road, followed by Miss Kenyon. As they got into what might be called the heart of the city Rose saw that there were a good many men about. As she walked along the number of men became larger, and she noticed, not without uneasiness, that they all appeared to be followed her. For, in some way, it got noised about that this decidedly pretty young woman was the new schoolma'am.

And every mother's son of them felt that he had an interest in the schoolma'am, to pay whom all were to be taxed.

By the time that the Chinaman came to a stop before a shanty which looked just a shade more pretentious than the rest the street was crowded by miners. They all stared at her, yet Rose could not help feeling that she was the recipient of attention most respectfully meant.

Jim Walker, a big, handsome fellow, made so bold as to step up to her and inquire:

"Beg pardon, but mebbe yer the new schoolma'am?"

"Yes, I am."

Walker turned to the Chinaman and said authoritatively:

"Drop that grip right there, Jim Wah. I'll look after it."

"You pay me, missy," said the Chinaman.

Any miner would have given five dollars bonus for the privilege of paying the Chinaman, but all felt, after a brief inspection of Miss Kenyon, that it would not be a safe offer to make.

Miss Kenyon took out her purse and drew from it a silver quarter.

"Four bites," said the chinaman.

"Why," expostulated Rose, "you offered to carry it for twenty-five cents."

"You heap lie," retorted Jim Wah. "Me said four bites—"

Jim Wah didn't finish. There was a loud, sharp report, and the Chinaman rolled over and over on to the ground, holding his side and yelling with agony.

Walker pulled off his sombrero, and, bowing with native grace, and holding the smoking pistol pointed at the ground, said:

"I beg yer pardon for scaring yer, miss, but no Chinese galoot can insult a lady when I'm 'round."

For Rose Kenyon had given a startled shriek, and now looked as if she was about to faint.

The next instant, to the amazement of all the miners, she was kneeling in the dust by the side of the wounded Chinaman.

Jim Wah lay silent under the touch of her fingers, as she examined his wound.

"He's not very badly hurt, after all," she said, finally.

Jim Walker stood over her with a shame-faced air and said:

"No, miss; he ain't very bad hurt, that's sure. I'm ashamed of myself. I ought to have done better. The next time I'll make sure of killing the moon-eyed galoot."

Rose looked up at him with a look of disgust.

Then she turned to the others and said:

"Gentlemen, will some of you pick up this wounded man and take him to a bed in the hotel? No, sir, you needn't offer to help," she cried, as Jim Walker stepped forward eagerly. "You've done quite enough already."

"I'm sorry, honest, miss, if I've hurt your feelings," faltered Jim Walker, and there could be no doubt that he was sincere.

"And the Chinaman—are you sorry for him?" she demanded, sternly.

"No, miss; nobody out this way is ever sorry for a Chinaman."

"But he has a life, sir."

"So has a monkey or a rattlesnake."

"But a Chinaman's life is human."

"You're the first, miss, who ever said so in Bang-Up City. We hain't been used to looking at it that way. All we know 'bout 'em is that they're more low-down than Injuns. I beg yer pardon for saying it, miss; but when you've been here longer you'll think the same way about it that we do."

"Never!" retorted Rose, with a shudder. "If I thought that I could ever become so hard-hearted by remaining here I would take the next train east."

At this declaration the men looked apprehensive. The vision of trim, pretty, dainty womanhood had just dawned in Bang-Up City. Better even that a Chinaman should be mayor than that she should go from them.

"Boys," proclaimed Walker, "from this day forth no Chinaman is to be shot at. Do you hear?"

A chorus of affirmatives came from the crowd. Then came a gust of sighs. It was a difficult law to live up to.

"We are losing time," cried Rose, "and the poor victim is losing blood. Take him on to the hotel, if you please, gentlemen."

From that day on Jim Walker was in disgrace with the new schoolma'am. For two weeks she attended the wounded Chinaman in all her leisure time. At last Jim Wah was discharged as cured.

It was months before Jim Walker could get back into the good graces of Miss Kenyon. And when she did once more condescend to treat him as an equal, the poor fellow, who was desperately in love with her, felt that it would be worse than folly to even dream of declaring his passion to her.

"And all over a cussed Chinaman, too," he would mutter.

One night in winter Rose Kenyon sat all alone in her room at the hotel. It was dark, but she had not lit the lamp, for she preferred in her then mood to sit in the dark and think.

Suddenly she became aware that the door had opened, though it was done noiselessly enough. Her eyes being accustomed to the darkness, she was able to make out the nondescript figure of Jim Wah. He stole toward the table on which she had deposited a satchel containing her last month's salary.

The Chinaman must have figured or must have known where the little satchel lay, for he went to it without hesitation, picked it up and started to leave the room.

"Give that to me at once, Jim Wah," cried Rose, springing to her feet and seizing the Chinaman resolutely by the arm.

Jim Wah struggled to get away, but she only held to him the tighter, and screamed for help.

The noise of footsteps was heard. Jim Wah uttered a Mongolian curse and drew a gleaming knife.

Just at this moment the door opened, and five or six men burst into the room. One of them carried a lamp.

A shot rang out, and Jim Wah sank to the floor. He was dead.

The shot had been fired just in time to save Rose Kenyon's life.

It was Jim Walker who had fired the shot, and it was he who said, triumphantly:

"I told yer, Miss Kenyon, that the next time I fired at that Chinese galoot I'd kill him."

But Rose didn't hear him. She had fainted.

"Boys," ordered Jim, "carry out that yellow snake"—pointing to the blood-stained body.

The remains of the murderous celestial were lugged out with little ceremony. The coroner of Bang-Up City wouldn't take the trouble to hold an inquest.

When Rose came to she was lying on a sofa in the hotel parlor. The landlord's wife was bending over her, but Rose saw only Jim Walker, who stood at the foot of the sofa.

Beckoning him to bend over her, she whispered:

"My preserver!"

"Don't say another word about it, Rose."

"But won't you ever let me thank you, Jim?"

James Walker, Esq., and Rose Kenyon were married in the spring.—N. Y. Morning Journal.

THE PAWNSHOPS.

Their Helpful Mission Among the Poor of New York.

The one hundred and thirty licensed pawnbrokers in New York, firms and individuals, are believed to be as a class honest and straightforward men of business. They are in the business to make money and in ordinary times undoubtedly do make money. These one hundred and thirty pawnshops are the poor man's banks. They perform a proper and useful work that is sanctioned by the law and they are of vital commercial importance to a very large portion of the population.

For the wage-earner, laborer, and the poor the pawnshop is a very practical bar against eviction and starvation. The pawnshop or some institution like it that will loan small sums on pledges or on chattel mortgages or furniture and personal effects, is even more useful to the people generally than the banks. It is certainly more important to prevent starvation and eviction than to prevent a mere commercial failure. Besides this, the small borrowers outnumber the large borrowers ten to one.

The terror of poverty in New York is rent. A poor woman once said to an East Side missionary who stood beside her dying bed. "Heaven, sir, I'm thankful to hear what you say about it. I'm glad to go for I hear they pays no rents in Heaven." Every thirty days, summer and winter, is the demand for money—money, always more money. Rent seems so utter lost and sunk that it is no wonder that it appears as the one unending terror of life. Heaven would begin at once for many people on the East Side—if there were no rents. It is this necessity of paying every thirty days (and oh! how few days are these thirty) that makes the pawnshop so necessary. It is estimated by persons familiar with the great district east of the Bowery that almost the entire population holds one or more pawn tickets at all times. The majority of families have a dozen or more in their rooms the greater part of the year.

Next to rent stands the always certain uncertainty of employment. There are few trades without their dull times when wages are low or extinct. These dull times must be lived over somehow, and the pawnbroker appears then a friend indeed. Sickness and death are expensive, and demand ready money that often only the pawnshop can supply.—Charles Barnard, in Chautauquan.

NO BUDDHISTS IN INDIA.

A Very Common Impression Is Here Corrected.

India has served many gods, he says, and the monuments raised in their honor are countless. It appears to be generally believed at the present day that the religion of India is Buddhism. How this common impression gained ground it is hard to say. When Sir Edwin Arnold published "The Light of Asia," he did not think it necessary to state that Gautama the Master had no longer any following in the country which witnessed his birth and holy life; but Sir Edwin's book produced a religious revival, or something very like it, among a certain class of semi-intelligent readers who are continually foraging for some new habit of religion with which to tickle the dull sense of their immortality into a relish for Heaven.

There are no Buddhists in India. There are many in Ceylon, and there is a sect of them in Nepal, an independent territory to the north, on the borders of Buddhistic Tibet. The religion vanished from India in the early centuries of the Christian era. The neo-Brahmans set up anti-Buddhas, so to speak, in the figures of Krishna, Mahadeva and Rama—demigods and idols of the great neo-Brahmanic religions, Vishnu-worship and Siva-worship; and these swept everything else before them until the Mohammedan conquest; and at the present day, in one shape or another, these forms of belief are adhered to by five-sixths of the population, the remainder being Mussulmans. The Buddhists are gone, though not without leaving behind them a rich legacy of philosophic thought, and many monuments of their artistic genius.—Marion Crawford, in Century.

DEGRADED RUSSIA.

Its Social Aspect and Moral Condition in the Eighteenth Century.

Peter the Great said of his country, and said truly: "Russia is rotten before she is ripe." To realize the true meaning of these words and the fullness of their implication, one must study in detail the reigns of Elizabeth and Catherine II. In Russia, during the eighteenth century, were to be found side by side the vices alike of savagery and civilization. Add to the lack of social instinct, of humanity in the wider sense, and of moral responsibility that is to be found in a Zulu kraal, the worst corruptions that are bred in courts like that of Louis XV., and one can form some faint notion of the Russian capital under Elizabeth and Catherine.

The country, as a whole, was oriental in its want of civil organization, but without the idealism of the east. The capital was a welter of blood and lust, barbarism and sophistry, atheism and superstition, drunkenness and savage violence, indolence and semi-insane activity. The moral condition was reflected in the physical. Never was there such a mixture of squalor and magnificence as in the palaces of the Empress Elizabeth. The rudest and the most costly furniture were fumbled together. Filth and splendor were always alternating, and the vilest food was eaten off plates of gold.—Spectator.

Silenced.

Housekeeper—Those eggs you sold me were stale, and I asked you for fresh-laid eggs.

Dealer (patronizingly)—Those eggs are fresh, madam, not salted, and they are laid eggs, madam, not manufactured. Had you desired eggs recently taken from the nest you should have asked for freshly-laid eggs.—N. Y. Weekly.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

A Phase of the Universal Problem That Confronts Society.

There is no substitute for a genuine, free, serene, healthy, bread-and-butter childhood. A fine manhood or womanhood can be built on no other foundation, and yet our American homes are so often filled with hurry and worry, our manner of living is so keyed to concert pitch, our plan of existence so complicated, that we drag the babies along in our wake and force them to our artificial standards, forgetting that "sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste."

If we must, or fancy that we must, lead this false, too feverish life, let us at least spare them. By keeping them forever on tiptoe we are in danger of producing an army of conventional little prigs, who know much more than they should about matters which are profitless even to their elders.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I suppose nothing is more disastrous. The divine right to be gloriously dirty a large portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful, friendly contact with all sorts of interesting helpful things, is too clear to be denied. The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, working in the shed, building a bridge or weeding the garden never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life.

I have a good deal of sympathy for the little people during their first eight or ten years, when they are just beginning to learn life's lessons, and when the laws which govern them must often seem so strange and unjust.

The child has a right to a place of his own, to things of his own, to surroundings which have some relation to his size, his desires and his capabilities. How should we like to live half the time in a place where the piano was twelve feet tall, the door knob at an impossible height, and the mantel shelf in the sky; where every mortal thing was out of reach except a collection of highly-interesting objects on dressing-tables and bureaus, guarded, however, by giants three times as large and powerful as ourselves, forever saying, "Musn't touch," and if we did touch we should be spanked, and have no other method of revenge save to spank back symbolically on the inoffensive persons of our dolls?

The child problem is merely one phase of the universal problem that confronts society. "Let the history of domestic rule typify in little the history of our political rule; at the outset autocratic control, where control is really needful; by and by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains recognition, extensions of this liberty of the subject gradually ending in paternal abdication."

We must not expect children to be too good. Intellectual and moral precocity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character. In these matters the child has a right to expect examples. He lives in the senses, he can only learn through object lessons, can only pass from the concrete examples of goodness to a vision of abstract perfection.—Jenness-Miller Monthly.

The Production of Artificial Silk.

Experiments with vegetable-pulp have demonstrated the feasibility of silk-making by machinery. At no distant day the silkworm will find her occupation gone, and in place of the cocoon we will have enormous spools of silk drawn directly from pulp. Vegetable fiber is made into collodion, and is then forced through finely perforated metal plates. The slender threads that issue are at once submerged in water. This takes up the volatile elements of the collodion and hardens the threads, which become elastic and solid. The filaments are so fine that it requires nearly a dozen to make a thread that can be handled with safety. Extreme fineness is necessary in order to give the required softness and flexibility. With this comes a degree of brittleness that makes the product frail almost past handling. When machinery of sufficient delicacy can be invented to carry and manage these tiny lines without breaking them, we may be able to engage in silk-making as readily as in paper making, and with quite as satisfactory results. Experiments have thus far been made with perfectly successful results in all particulars save the one noted.—N. Y. Ledger.

Presto, Change!

Jonesey—Say, Brownie, can you let me have two——

Brownie (hastily interrupting)—I haven't a blamed cent, Jonesey.

Jonesey—Two fives for a ten?

Brownie (heartily)—Certainly, old fellow! With pleasure.—Judge.

The Unsympathetic Boarder.

"If I had the wings of a bird," sighed the lady, "I'd fly away and be at rest."

"Well, my dear madam," ventured the boarder, "you may get them yet. I see by a note you sent up to my room this morning you already have a bill."—Detroit Free Press.

A Modest Maid.

Her Father—Mr. Budd appears to be an amiable sort of chap—he had quite a large interest in his father's old firm.

She (blushing)—I think I can discount the firm, papa, as far as interest goes.—Truth.

Making Her Feel Good.

Miss Palisade—Father wants me to give up my maid on account of the hard times.

Miss Summit—Let me have her. I need another.—Truth.

—"Yes," said Cholly, "I was struck by the caah, doncherknow, and stunned, and when I—aw—woke up I knew nothing——" "Ah, then you were all right when you woke up," said Jack Jolleboy; "back to your natural condition."—N. Y. Press.

—Dupont's powder mills, in Wilmington, Del., are furnished with hinged roofs, so that in case of explosion the damage will be minimized.

PITH AND POINT.

—Waiter—"De usual steak, sah?" Regular Customer—"No; I am tired tonight. Bring me a plate of hash."

—She—"Have you got 'The Heavenly Twins?'" Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. One dollar." She—"What for both?"—Hallo.

—Mamma—"Did you take your capsule without any trouble?" Robbie—"Yes, but I had an awful time gettin the quinine out of it."—Inter-Ocean.

—Kathleen (who has been lectured severely on the proper treatment of animals)—"Mamma, why do you call my gray kitty a Maltese? Is it because I maul and tease it so?"

—Innitt (reading fashion journal)—"Coats are now worn longer than ever before." Impecune—"I'm right in style then. This is the third year for mine."—Buffalo Courier.

—I wish my father'd buy more blocks for me—
I must admit I think the prospect's slim.
But why he doesn't I can't really see,
since with them I would build a house for him.

—Harper's Young People.

—"What are your hopes for the future?" asked the solemn man. "I have none just now," replied the youth. "To-morrow is my best girl's birthday, and I'm worrying about the present.'"—Pick-Me-Up.

—"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded, lovingly. "Reginald, this hand is already pledged," she replied. "I will redeem it," he answered, absently, "if you will let we have the ticket."—St. Louis Humorist.

—"What is senatorial courtesy?" asked the young man who is not ashamed of his ignorance. "Senatorial courtesy," replied the citizen who always believes the worst, "is what prevents a statesman from closing a deal before he has let his colleagues in on the ground floor."—Washington Star.

—Dick (feeling of Tom's biceps)—"My! what an arm! Do you frequent the gymnasium?" Tom—"Gymnasium nothing! I read all the papers, dailies and weeklies. Just try it for a week or two yourself. The amount of turning over it gives a fellow to follow the different articles from one page to another beats all the gymnasiums in Christendom for exercise."—Boston Transcript.

—"We have queer experiences in the house of mourning," said the clergyman of the party. "It was only a few weeks ago that I called upon a middle-aged shoemaker, who had lost his wife. I spoke to him as I thought meet, and especially enjoined upon him the duty of being resigned. When I had got thus far, he interrupted me to say in a quiet tone: 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. Prooftext; I ain't a kickin'.'"—Boston Transcript.

—A young man, known as Long-Nosed Bennet, said to his wife, the morning after their marriage: "Now, Melindy, if you're going to wear the pants, git up and make the fire; if not, say so, and I'll wear 'em myself. We might as well settle this matter at once." After several years, I asked him: "Well, Uncle Charley, how did it turn out?" He replied: "Well, we've been pullin' and haulin' ever since, and I 'low each of us must have got a leg."—Home.

OLD-FASHIONED WIVES.

How Homes Are Made Bright Promises of Heaven by Them.

A pretty young married woman said in our hearing the other day:

"Lorraine is such an old-fashioned wife."

"And what," we queried, "do you mean by that?"

"Oh," laughed the gay little matron as she seated herself in the big arm-chair and reflectively sipped her tea from a pale pink cup, "she has such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declines all invitations unless he is included, and never, under any circumstances, is away from home when he returns at night. Then she always gets up to breakfast with him, and even goes so far as to prepare herself certain favorite dishes for him, instead of leaving such fussiness to the cook.

"She doesn't go away in the summer until he is able to go, too; and, in fact, she fusses over him in the most absurd fashion. I don't believe in that sort of thing myself. I believe it spoils a man. My husband knows that I am too tired to get up at seven for the sake of sitting opposite him at the table, and I pay my servants enough to make them wait on him satisfactorily. As for staying at home whenever he can not accompany me, I simply never would get out; therefore I go my way, he goes his, and we are very well pleased with the arrangement."

After the pretty creature had vanished to join a party of friends at dinner a reflective mood stole over us, and in the twilight we thought how much happier many a household would be if there were more old-fashioned wives instead of the type which we had just had a chance to study.—Philadelphia Times.

Locomotive Attacked by a Cow.

A striking example of the instinct of maternal devotion in the animal kingdom, and at the same time a curious incident, was witnessed by scores of people at Wissahicken station recently. A sleek-looking cow, with a happy-go-lucky calf at her side, wandered upon the railroad tracks just as a train pulled up at the depot. The cow got across the track ahead of the engine, but her offspring, with the recklessness of youth and curiosity of inexperience, lingered to dispute the path. The engineer crowded air on his brakes, but the calf disappeared beneath the cowcatcher. Everybody looked for veal cutlets; but as the locomotive slowed up and stopped the calf calmly stood up under the boiler between the driving wheels. The cow heard the bleat of alarm and caught sight of her calf. She unhesitatingly attacked the big iron horse and vainly endeavored to horn it off the track, bawling angrily the while. A newsboy, after a deal of maneuvering, managed to push the calf between the driving wheels, and cow and calf moved leisurely off as though nothing had happened.—Philadelphia Record.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HANDKERCHIEF POCKET.

Pretty When Made in Colors to Match One's Various Gowns.

There are always those who, regardless of edicts of fashion, will have a pocket of some kind in which a handkerchief at least may be safely carried. A favorite design for such a pocket is shown in our engraving. For making it, four dozen three-quarter inch rings, one yard of half-inch ribbon and a part of a ball of crochet silk will be required. The rings are crocheted singly, filled with lace stitch, and sewed together, as seen in the sketch; twenty-four being used for the front, and the same number for the back, al-

PRETTY POCKET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

though the back is sometimes made of thin canvas covered with the dress material. One-third of the ribbon makes a pretty bow for the bottom, and the rest is used for a suspension loop and a bow for each upper corner. A little bow at the top, where the loop is pinned to the belt, would be pretty if the pocket is to be worn with a round waist. Such pockets are prettiest if made in colors to match the gowns with which they are to be worn; but black pockets are often worn with gowns of other colors.—American Agriculturist.

Look for the Bright Rays.

A woman with a happy disposition is far more to a man as a wife than the woman with a great fortune, for riches take wings. Worldly prosperity has a way of altering, and if once money vanishes the gloomy individual does naught but sit down and weep, having no word of encouragement for the husband, on whom the blow falls most heavily. The happy dispositioned wife will see a way out of the difficulty or will accept matters as they are in a sweet spirit of cheerfulness that endows her husband with a new zeal and causes him to look upon her as the guiding star of his existence. If God has not given you such a disposition cultivate it as far as possible. It does no good to brood over one's troubles. It doesn't help matters out a bit. Be on the lookout for bright rays and you will certainly find them.

The Harmful Dotted Veil.

The injurious effect on the eyes caused by wearing dotted veils is an old warning which has been sounded to no purpose, and the fact that oculists are growing rich under this reign of fashion does not alarm the wearers of this attractive bit of feminine vanity. The dots are larger or smaller, closer together or farther apart, as they are more or less becoming, while the possibility of impaired eyesight is left entirely out of consideration. It has been discovered lately that the dots are not their only harmful quality. There is some substance used in stiffening or coloring the net which is poisonous if it chances to find its way into the eye.

A Pleasant Entertainment.

A Dickens evening was given lately at an entertainment for charity. It consisted of tableaux, as Nell and her grandfather, the Dombey children on the seashore, Miss Haviham, etc., and dialogues taken literally from the novels. These were Mrs. Nickleby and Kate with the mad gentleman, Dick Swiveller and the marchioness, and David, Mrs. Dick and Miss Trotwood. This list could be extended almost indefinitely, and, even with the rawest of amateur actors, the gay fun of some of these scenes would go well. It is to be doubted whether Dickens' pathos might not better be left to trained actors, or, as was done here, only suggested by tableaux.

Flirting Is Very Bad Form.

The man or woman who will indulge in the practice of "flirting" with an outside party is not worth going out with or being taken out. It is a species of bad form that nothing can excuse, and though there are many who think it cute to make eyes and return signs made by strangers, feeling that such attention is a bit of personal homage, the outside world judges differently and one exhibition of that sort should be enough to wean the respect of either man or woman, no matter how devoted they might heretofore have been.

A Pretty Picture Frame.

It can be easily and inexpensively fashioned from cardboard; or, if you prefer, plain pine wood may take the place of cardboard. First cover the mat with fabric chosen from one of the daintily flowered challies, silkolines or china silks. About the frame this same material is arranged to form a graceful puff, the fullness being gathered at both edges. Very tiny tacks fasten into place the inside fullness, while the outer gathering is tacked to the back part of the frame, a narrow tape neatly finishing it.

Whole Wheat Flour Rolls.

One quart of the flour, butter the size of an egg rubbed into the flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, and milk to make a dough soft as it can be rolled. Knead well and make into rolls. Moisten the tops with milk and bake in a quick oven.

COOKING BY STEAM.

Food Rendered More Palatable and in Some Cases More Nutritious.

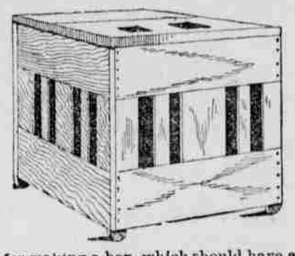
Some claim that food cooked by steam is more nutritious and wholesome than cooked in any other manner. While not agreeing exactly with this statement, I do think that many dishes are more palatable when cooked by steam. In the steam cooker, which I have tried and found satisfactory, there is a perforated disk which fits into the kettle in three different positions; this divides the space into ⅓ below, ⅓ below, or ⅔ below the disk, according to its position. There is also an extension tin top, much like an ordinary steamer, to be used when cooking large quantities or many kinds at once. There is a pipe down one side of the kettle, through which the superfluous steam is discharged into the stove. No odor from the cooking food escapes into the room, for the joint between the kettle and cover is sealed with water.

The steamer is large enough for a turkey, if the bottom of the tin extension is removed, which can be done. For an average family potatoes and a pudding may be cooked in the kettle without the tin extension. Dumplings or a cottage pudding will cook in twenty minutes if the water in the lower compartment is boiling when they are placed in it. Very rich puddings containing suet, etc., require more time. Potatoes will cook in thirty minutes, and are always nice and meaty. Bread and raised biscuit are always nice when cooked by steam, there being absolutely no crust at all, but bread thus cooked should be eaten warm, as it does not keep moist and tender like that baked in the ordinary way. Rice, oatmeal and the like are cooked to perfection by steam. You do not have to stir them to keep them from burning, and every kernel is cooked tender without losing its shape. The many things that can be cooked in a steam cooker, from beef tea to first premium canned fruit, cannot be enumerated here; but persons procuring a steam cooker, I am sure, will pronounce it a "household convenience."—Orange Judd Farmer.

FOR SOILED CLOTHES.

A Whitewood Hamper That Anyone Can Make at Home.

A wicker hamper is desirable for this use, as it is so well ventilated, but where such is not at hand or readily purchasable, a light box can be made to answer the purpose of such a wicker hamper very nicely. Half-inch whitewood or pine is heavy enough to use



for making a box, which should have a hinged cover, and openings on top, bottom and all the sides, which may be rectangular as in the illustration or they may be made by boring holes in the sides with an inch bit in the form of a rectangle or diamond. — Farm and Home.

SOME HOME REMEDIES.

For a bee sting, make a paste of earth and water. Cover the stung place with it, bind it on and it will soon give relief.

When a felon first begins to appear cut off the end of a lemon, put the finger in it and keep it there as long as it can be borne.

For a sore throat, try a frequent gargle of salt and water. If a little is swallowed it will allay the irritation, cleanse the throat and do no harm.

For stains on the hands nothing is better than salt moistened with lemon juice. Rub the spots well with the mixture, then wash off in clean water.

It is said that a good remedy for strengthening and clearing the voice is to beat the white of an egg with the juice of a lemon and sweeten it well with sugar and use as needed.

To cure round shoulders, sleep perfectly horizontal—that is, without any bolster or pillow. The habit can easily be acquired of sleeping thus, and the round shoulders will soon be straightened.

For a cough, boil an ounce of whole flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, the juice of two lemons and an ounce of rock candy. Stir together and boil a few minutes. Drink hot.

Railroad English.

Teacher—Give me a synonym for the word "reduce."

Bright Boy—Equalize.

"Wrong."

"Well, that's the word the railroads use when they reduce wages."

"Hum! Give me a synonym for the word 'increase.'"

"Equalize."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, that's the word the railroads use when they increase rates."—Good News.

No Offense Intended.

Mrs. Minks—I don't want to make a scene, but that man over there is staring at me very offensively.

Mr. Minks—He is, eh? I'll speak to him.

Mrs. Minks (a few moments later)—Did he apologize?

Mr. Minks—Y-e-s; he said he was looking for his mother, and thought at first that you were she.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sensitive Man.

Writer—The editor of the "Laughers' Own" is the most sensitive man I ever saw.

Friend—In what respect?

Writer—He can't take a joke.

Friend—I never observed it.

Writer—Well, I have. I took a dozen good ones to him to-day and he rejected every one of them.—Detroit Free Press.